

## Free Bridge To Juarez—Do It Now

It will not do to let the free bridge proposal sleep. El Paso has been talking for 30 years or so of promoting a suitable permanent bridge across the Rio Grande, and failure to act has always been laid to the Mexicans. Time and again the suggestion has been taken up and seriously discussed, only to be dropped when it began to look as if no financial cooperation could be had from the Juarez side. If Porfirio Diaz had remained president, there is little doubt that the plan would have been consummated before now, since president Diaz, at the time of his visit here in 1909, was deeply impressed with the necessity of bringing Juarez up to a higher standard of municipal distinction as a fair sample of Mexico's civilization, and of building a fine bridge over the river.

Now that Juarez has taken the initiative, and now that the money is ready on that side, it is no time for El Paso to hesitate. The Rio Grande bridge proposition is one that properly ought to engage the cooperation of the national government, the state, the county, and the city. But it would waste years to work up any such cooperative project. The thing to do is for El Paso city and county to go ahead, seeking aid from the state treasury but in no way depending on it.

The new bridge should be the full width of the street, so that there might be a straight line of sidewalks and electric lights from the heart of one city to the heart of the other. El Paso street is the logical street for the bridge, and the moving of the Mexican National tracks is not a very formidable obstacle. Let El Paso take hold of this project with her customary enthusiasm, and it will be carried to success with a rush.

## Where One Man Is Being Tried Out

In view of the fact that Mr. Bryan has shown in the state department just what he is made of, it is doubtful if even among his best friends many could be found to regret that he did not become president. As administrator of a great governmental branch which requires a high order of ability in every line, limitless tact, earnest application, and hard study, Mr. Bryan has totally failed to measure up to the standards of the post, or to the needs of the present.

As president, he would have been without even the guiding hands and the wiser counsel of other men, and he would have marked out his courses with infallible choice of wrong ways. He is the sort of man who depends on what he perhaps calls inspiration for guidance, and when he is not playing cheap politics he is swayed by impulse rather than reason. He is an unsafe man in his present post, but he would be 20 times as dangerous in the chair of president of the United States.

When the people of the United States thrice rejected him as their chief executive, the people thrice demonstrated their ability to govern themselves in spite of the wiles of demagogues. Bryan inspires personal love and loyalty among many; he is a great man, in his way, but his way is a dangerous way, and some power higher than man's impulse came between the American nation and sad disaster when Bryan was prevented from taking command of the government.

George Eliot says that what makes life dreary is lack of motive. As soon as one is deeply interested in anything outside of one's flesh and bones, life becomes happy, inspiring, interesting.

## A German Who Can't Save Harvard

Germans, like all the rest, do silly things sometimes, and one of the silliest little things a German has done since the war began is the act of Dr. Kuno Meyer, of the university of Berlin, who had been chosen exchange professor at Harvard university, in withdrawing his name. His reason, or rather his excuse, was the publication of a poem in one of the Harvard student papers, which the Berlin professor chose to take as an insult to Germany.

It is the continual repetition of such incidents as this, on all sides of the war, that impress upon the outside and impartial observer the lack of genuine feeling and fundamental principle in the war, from whatever angle it is viewed. There is something sordid, superficial, cheap, and narrow about the whole business. Every nation involved has been guilty of it. The rejection of university degrees, ostentatious returning of medals and decorations, and personal attacks by scientific and literary men on each other, are evidences of the absence of convictions deep enough to sound the depths of humanity. Such things remind one more of the slapping and spitting of little boys than of the rational acts of grown men.

Dr. Meyer expresses the "hope that no German will again be found to accept the post of exchange professor at Harvard." It is probably never occurred to the worthy professor, in his silly outbreak of anger, that Harvard means educating about as much as any other body of men in the world, and that it would be a great mission to bring more of the humanities to Cambridge. Imagine Christ or Confucius or Galileo or Luther or Huxley or Lincoln quitting the game and withdrawing from the

stratum because some foolish boy in the audience laughed at the wrong time. Evidently Dr. Meyer would be perfectly useless in the role of exchange professor; his withdrawal is no loss to Harvard.

There will be war now between science and the small boy. The germ theory has interfered with his happiness plenty up to date, but the last straw is that in many states there will be no circus this spring on account of the foot and mouth disease. The circus men are not going to take any chances either of the disease or quarantine. Before we know so much about germs, such outrageous assaults on the happiness of the small boy were never known.

John Burroughs, who is now 78 and rosy, hearty and happy minded as a boy, gives as his recipe for getting to be 78 young, "Keep cheerful and mind your own business." Not a word about sleeping out of doors or taking internal baths or eating whole wheat or thinking "new thought." Probably he might even boil down his recipe to "Never fret," for that is what it amounts to.

Mrs. Louisa Waterman Carpenter, who was long "the oldest living daughter of the American Revolution," died at the age of 108. When one thinks of all she lived to see, the changes in the world, the changes in the mind of man, the changes in his very soul, it seems a very long span of life and perhaps a bit wearying towards the end.

Mexicans in New York and Washington are again planning a junta in the United States that shall settle Mexico's affairs and establish peace.

## Short Snatches From Everywhere

The average man can be sized up by the things he buys on credit.—Dallas (Tex.) News.

If the war survives the baseball season there is no telling how long it may last.—Albuquerque (N. M.) Journal.

If Mexico keeps on pretty soon there won't be enough of her left for a bull fight.—Clifton (Ariz.) Copper Era.

The Ship of State, due in 1915, reports seeing the water wagon on the port bow.—Douglas (Ariz.) International.

Wellesley college girls have organized a basketball team. The diamond always did have an attraction for girls.—Amoroso (Tex.) Panhandle.

The reasons some people recommend light breakfasts is that they haven't the wherewithal to purchase heavy ones.—Oklahoma City (Okla.) Oklahoman.

Villa must be beginning to think that it was an enemy and not a friend who labeled him the "fine Napoleon of Mexico." Perhaps he is already thinking of St. Helena.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Whether Col. Roosevelt wins or loses, the trial is giving him another opportunity to establish himself as the guardian of alive punts, and the colossal waste of such opportunity.—Douglas (Ariz.) International.

The world always holds enough of the good things of life to meet the necessities of all of its children, if only the hands of the strong or the abundance to justify dissipation and extravagant indulgence.—Los Angeles Times.

The Kaiser has 236 uniforms, but only wears 23 or 24 of them. He writes his letters on huge sheets of two-colored note paper that is never folded, but enclosed in big envelopes sealed with black wax. These facts are of no importance whatever, but isn't it queer to see a man so interested in the details of his "important" war news.—Tucson (Ariz.) Star.

## Authority Is the Right To Tell Someone Else What To Do: It Is the Oldest Of All the Rights

BY GEORGE FITCH.

AUTHORITY is the right to tell some other man what to do. It is the oldest of all rights. Long before the first man had found another man worth anything, he had found one who was stronger than his wife.

Today, many men who have no part in the world wide to order around, can still go thoughtfully home and tell some shrinking woman, in kindly tones, that dinner had better be ready a little earlier tomorrow, in order "to preserve international peace and domestic calm."

Authority is harder to use correctly than an aeroplane. Some men are natural realizers with authority, and are able to suggest the duties of the 19,000 other men in such a manner as to make themselves the recipients of affection and gold-headed canes, or at least of a good deal of respect. But most men handle authority as awkwardly as they would a ball game. The world is full of men who have been devoted to the management of one or two human beings, and are giving up holidays and other pleasures for the privilege of standing around and making the



Keeping him perpetually reminded of the fact that he may be fired at any minute.

We have few real slaves in these days, but a vast number of men who are required to make a noise like a door mat under some other man. This is a very disagreeable task, and fills the human door mats with a deep and fervent desire to rise far enough to acquire door mats of their own. Authority is still necessary in this world, but it should be distributed very carefully. Some men have no more business with authority than a 2-year old boy with his checkbook. There should be federal examinations in the use of authority, and a man who cannot grant an employee a chance to work for a living without keeping him perpetually reminded of the fact that he may be fired at any moment when his taste in neckties, wares or humbly doesn't suit, should be enjoined from the authority business.

About the only people in this country who do not possess authority are officeholders. It should always be a comfort to the man who is being bullied by his employer to think that at any time he may go to Washington if he can save enough money, and order his congressman around.

## Bedtime Story For the Little Ones

Uncle Wiggily and the Maple Sugar.

By HOWARD E. CARLIS.

UNCLE WIGGILY. Oh you Uncle Wiggily! called some voices in the green wood.

The old gentleman rabbit, who was going along on his way to the house grandfather Goosey Gander to play game of Scotch Yickers with him, turned around.

"Who is calling me?" Uncle Wiggily inquired.

"At first he thought it might be another little lost puppy dog, like Sanday."

"Oh, Uncle Wiggily! here I am!" a voice called, and looking around, the rabbit gentleman saw Neddie Stubbish, the little bear boy.

"Oh, good morning, Neddie!" Uncle Wiggily said.

"Uncle Wiggily, have you any honey?" asked the little bear boy.

"Honey? Goodness me, I have none," replied the rabbit gentleman. "What put such an idea in your head?"

"Well, I am very hungry for honey just now," went on Neddie Stubbish, "and I thought perhaps you might have some, or perhaps a lollipop, or something like that."

"All bears like sweet things, you know."

"Can't you find a beehive, and get the honey, and bring it to me?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"Well, mother told me to keep away from beehives," Neddie said, wrinking up his nose in a very smart way. "I went to find honey at a beehive I was badly stung."

"See, there is that danger," Uncle Wiggily said, pointing to a beehive.

"Oh, I do wish I had something sweet," Neddie went on. "Do you think, Uncle Wiggily, that you can get me some?"

"Ha! Hold on! I have it!" cried the rabbit gentleman, before Neddie had finished.

"What have you?" asked the little bear boy. "Have you some honey?"

"No, but I can make you some maple sugar."

"Oh, joy!" cried Neddie, wagging his little nub of a tail, from which he got his name.

"It is a little late to make maple sugar," went on the old gentleman rabbit, "for it should be made in March. But perhaps there is some sap left in the maple trees. We will tap one and see. I shall need your sharp claws for this, Neddie, so come along."

"How do you make maple sugar, Uncle Wiggily?" asked the little bear boy, whose claws were long and sharp, like fox paws.

"In the maple trees," Uncle Wiggily explained, "is a sweet sap, or juice, in the winter the juices sleep, but in the spring there is much of it, so that it overflows."

"Now, if we make a hole in a maple tree, this sweet juice will drip out, drop by drop. When you have a full cup you boil it over a fire. The sap, or juice, gets thicker and thicker, and finally when it cools, it is maple sugar. That is what we are going to make."

"Oh, joy and happiness!" exclaimed Neddie, sticking out his tongue. He did not do that to be impudent, you understand. Oh, my, no! And a basket of soap bubbles besides! Neddie just put out his tongue, making the maple sugar already taste the sweet maple sugar, and, as I told you, bears are very fond of honey and other sweets."

Soon Uncle Wiggily found a maple tree in which the sap was still running.

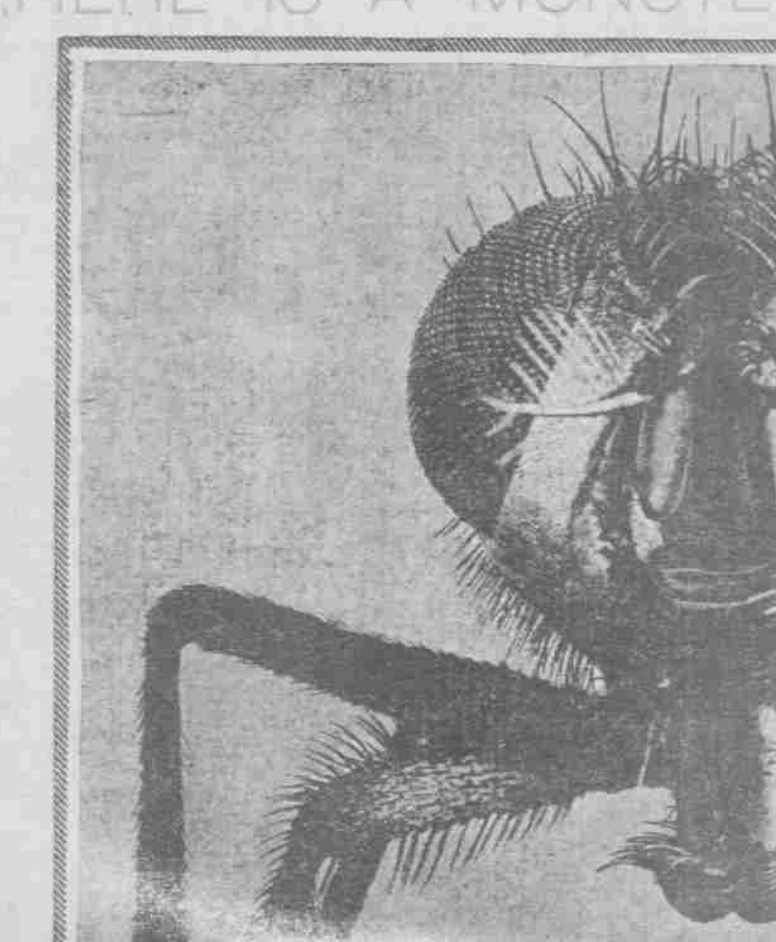
"Here is a little hole in the trunk of this tree, near the ground, with your sharp claws, Neddie," Uncle Wiggily said, and Neddie did so. Then, in some little cups, made from his acorns, the rabbit gentleman and the little bear boy gathered the sap as it dripped from the tree through a hollow reed.

"Now, we'll build a fire and boil the sap until it turns to maple sugar," said Uncle Wiggily. And he and Neddie did, using an old tin tomato can to hold the sap, and a small fire built up in the old maple tree, just as it would boil when the flames heated it.

Uncle Wiggily and Neddie sat on a log near the fire, watching the sap boil. "Is it done yet?" Neddie would ask every one in a while.

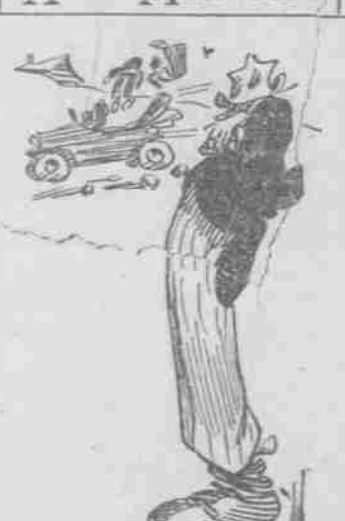
"No, but it will be pretty soon," Uncle Wiggily would answer. The boiling sap became thicker and thicker. The rabbit gentleman pined some leaves together to make shallow candy pans, into which to pour the hot sweet, sticky syrup, so

## HERE IS A MONSTER YOU MEET DAILY



You do not recognize him, perhaps, but he recognizes YOU very quickly, and your children as well. This is your dangerous enemy, magnified several times to make you see what he looks like. His name is Common House Fly; kill him.

## ABE MARTIN



Miss Tawney, Apple attended 'th' firemen's ball at Tulip last night an' says 'th' dancin' was fierce but 'th' music was punk. If you can't be neutral be non-committal.

like the big adventure for which he had been thirsting.

And he dove over the railing 232 feet above the water, just as a red faced man in a red faced uniform appeared.

"Oh, sir!" shouted the beautiful girl. "I have just dropped my solid rubber dog collar into your swimming depths!"

"I know you have, girlie, but come along with me, the system ain't like home without you," replied the red faced man. And he took the beautiful girl by the arm, and they went away, and there was no more to be heard but a splashing below, filling the silent spaces.

For it was midnight.

## The Daily Novelette

TWELVE P. M.

"Peg of My Heart," he meant to say. While they were dining—but she said "Peg of My Heart," he said instead, "And never saw her again."

It was midnight.

The beautiful girl, today's heroine, stood on the bridge (it was midnight) weeping bitterly.

Aronaby Titcomb wandered by. He was the only other person on the bridge, for the hour was late. (It was midnight.) Still the beautiful girl wept bitterly.

"Why do you weep bitterly?" asked Aronaby Titcomb.

"I have dropped my diamond and sapphire vanity box in the river," she sobbed. And the sound of her moans alone disturbed the silence of the night. (For it was midnight.)

"Oh, handsome knight errant!" cried the beautiful girl. "Get me my diamond and sapphire vanity box and I, the princess Kumbyah, will give you my hand in marriage."

"Cheap at half the price!" chuckled Aronaby Titcomb, to whom this looked

## Schoolboys Should Have Military Training, Says McClintock.

"WITH the large number of army officers in El Paso some effort should be made to have our school boys instructed in military tactics," said E. B. McClintock, county clerk. "There is no reason why our boys should not be thoroughly trained in the art of soldiery. Even if they are never called upon to serve their country, they should know how to fight, how to submit to the discipline of the army, and how to take care of themselves under the adverse conditions of war. The army officers here could give them the necessary training and effort should be made to induce the war department to undertake the work."

"I am heartily in accord with the sentiment expressed in The Herald's recent editorial on the desecration of Hueco natural park," said county treasurer J. D. Ponder. "If the park, which is privately owned, is to be closed to visitors, El Paso has lost one of its most interesting scenic attractions, and it is all due to mistreatment of the privileges that have been accorded visitors in enjoying the beauty spot unreservedly and without cost. It would seem that people would exercise a little thoughtfulness in the treatment of nature's beauty spots, particularly where privately owned, yet there are many to whom beauty, in its natural state, makes no appeal; whose highest ambition appears to be to write their names in public places, or to draw unsightly pictures that offend decent people. And the lack of consideration for others reaches its height when the old Indian signs which lend historic interest to these rocks are obliterated, as has been done."

"Materials going from El Paso to Albuquerque will do well to avoid the Trigo canyon," said J. R. Gulesha, deputy United States marshal at Albuquerque, who was in the city on Thursday on a motor trip. "We have been through Columbus, Deming and all the smaller towns on a trip to Mr. Folsom, my brother-in-law, this part of the country before he proceeds to California. We found excellent roads all the way except between Alamosa and El Paso. There are some very bad stretches there. The Trigo canyon is in bad shape because of the rapidly melting snows on the mountains. The water rushes through the canyon and works under the roadbed. Apparently the road is in fine shape, but as soon as the water comes down, it is all over. The stretches where the water has worked underneath, the car simply sinks down. It was fortunate in not getting stuck there in the way we found no less than four cars stuck along the canyon when we came through. This bad stretch can be avoided by Goosene to Hesperia and then to Albuquerque. I am told that the road is in fine shape."

"El Paso is certainly the finest and liveliest city in the southwest," said J. E. Miller, general manager of the Tucson mill at Tucson, Ariz., who is a guest at the Sheldon. "I have some investments in this part of the country and will make an extended stay in the city."

"The demonstration of the playground work of the Any school this afternoon gives a good idea of the kind of work, physical and restorative, for the children that is used in the schools," said J. H. Stine, playground supervisor. "Play is a most important element of both the character and physique of the child and the value of the right kind of play can not be overestimated."

## 14 Years Ago Today

From The Herald This Date 1901.

El Paso is wading in oil. Her people are up to their necks in the greasy mess. The wheels of commerce are being run with the lubricating medium. Conversation is both crude and refined on the subject of oil. Each street corner has become an exchange for the discussion of speculation in oil. All sorts of stories and fairy tales are being told earnestly and impressively by the local pioneers of locations contiguous to El Paso where old wells, hitherto innocent and unsuspected, are just reeking with oil; common ordinary trash over which the foot of man has trod these many years will blaze up furiously if a match is applied to it—they say.

H. H. Kilpatrick, well known cattleman of Marfa, is here on business.

E. W. Brown, a ranchman of San Marcel, N. M., is visiting in El Paso.

Frank Anderson left last night for Beaumont. He will be away two weeks.

W. A. Venters, a mining man from Alamogordo, is spending the day here.

## OPHELIA



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## Literature

I LIKE a rattling story of whiskered buccaners, whose ships are black and gory, who cut off people's ears. A yarn of Henry Morgan warms up my jaded heart, and makes that ancient organ feel young and brave and smart. I like detective fiction, it always hits the spot, however poor in diction, however pun in plot; I like the sleuth who follows a clue over hill and vale, until the victim swallows his medicine in jail. I like all stories ripping, in which some folks are killed, in which the guns go ripping, and everyone is thrilled. But when I have some callers, I hide those books away, those good old son-of-a-bitchers which make my evenings gay. I blush for them, by jingo, and all their harmless games; I talk the highbrow lingo, and swear by Henry James. When sitting in my shanty, to "have my picture took," I hold a work by Dante, or other heavy book. But when the artist's vanished, I drop those dippy pomes, old Dante's stuff is banished—I reach for Sherlock Holmes.

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WALT MASON.

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